MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
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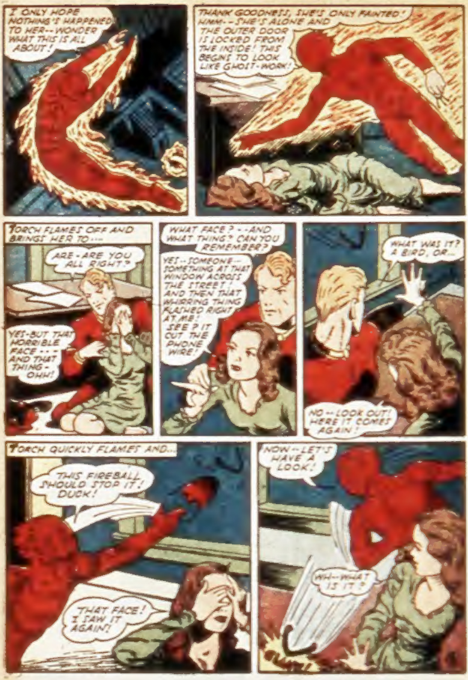
HUMAN TORCH
FLIGHT OF THE DEADLY BOOMERANG!

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND TORCH AND TORO PLAYING A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME ONE EVENING...
I'VE LIT TWO-- COME ON, TORO!
AWW! THE PHONE'S RINGING! I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE!
I'LL GET IT--- HELLO? OH YES, CHIEF--- WHAT'S UP?
THE POLICE FORCE NEEDS YOUR HELP BADLY, TORCH!
PACIFIC CRUISE STEAMSHIP COMPANY
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING HOT!
YOU BET! THIS ONE'S A CORNER-- UNANSWERABLE! NO KIDDING!
OKAY-- WHERE ARE YOU?
ON THE 20TH FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC CRUISE BUILDING! COME RIGHT DOWN!
MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'S UP, TORCH?
I'M NOT SURE YET! BUT A JOCK JORDAN EVIDENTLY GOT HIMSELF KILLED!
THEN, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME THE CHIEF OF POLICE EXPLAINS THE BAFFLING FACTS TO TORCH!
YOU SEE, TORCH, WE FOUND JORDAN BURNED TO DEATH--- BUT, THIS IS A FIREPROOF BUILDING --METAL FURNITURE AND ONLY ONE ENTRANCE; THAT DOOR! THE SECRETARY SWEARS NO ONE CAME IN!
WELL, CERTAINLY NO ONE COULD CLIMB UP 20 FLOORS --AND THE NEAREST BUILDING IS THAT ONE ACROSS THE STREET-- A VERY WIDE STREET!
PACIFIC STEAM

THE ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION IS THAT SOMEONE COULD HAVE HURLED A FLAMING OBJECT INTO THIS ROOM FROM ACROSS THE STREET!
BUT, TORCH— THERE ISN'T ANYTHING IN THE ROOM SO THAT'S OUT!
SEARCHING FOR CLUES, TORCH QUESTIONS THE DEAD MAN'S SECRETARY, JESSICA HOBBS.
JORDAN HAD NO ENEMIES THAT I KNEW OF, TORCH! WHY HE WAS ONE OF THE KINDEST MEN—
WELL, TELL US MORE ABOUT THE BUSINESS THEN!
OUR SHIPS TOOK THIS ROUTE FROM AMERICA TO AUSTRALIA -- THAT IS, UNTIL THE WAR PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS. MR. JORDAN AND I WERE JUST STRAIGHTENING EVERYTHING OUT BEFORE CLOSING FOR GOOD!
AS JANICE EXPLAINS, THE CORONER ARRIVES...
I'LL TAKE HIS BODY DOWN TO THE MORGUE FOR TESTS, CHIEF!
OKAY—LET'S ALL GET DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! THERE'S NOTHING MORE HERE!
OHH!
MUCH LATER ---
NO— I'LL GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND FINISH UP...
WELL, THANKS, JANICE -- I ONLY HOPE WE CAN GET A LEAD --- BUT, YOU MAY AS WELL GO HOME NOW!
NO ENEMIES NO CLUES-- WELL TORCH, WHAT NEXT?
I'M STUCK! HOW ABOUT YOU, KID?
SIMPLE! IT WAS SUICIDE! HE DRANK SIX GALLONS OF GASO-LINE AND -- NOPE -- THAT COULDN'T BE ---
—HE PROBABLY ONLY HAD AN "A" CARD!
OUCH!
THE CORONER ENTERS IN TIME TO HEAR TORO'S REMARK!
THAT MAY NOT BE AS FUNNY AS YOU THINK!

SURPRISING AS IT MAY SOUND, JORDAN WAS NOT BURNED TO DEATH! HE DIED OF POISONING!
WHAT?
HOW COME?
THE POISON AFFECTED HIM BEFORE THE FLAMES DID, THAT'S ALL!
WHAT KIND OF POISON WAS IT?
YOU'VE GOT ME THERE, TON-- BUT MY GUESS IS THAT IT TURNED JORDAN'S BLOOD INTO A HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE LIQUID!
THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING -- HE COULD HAVE BEEN POISONED ANYWHERE!
YOU'RE WRONG -- IT MUST HAVE ACTED IN A VERY FEW SECONDS!
WELL, THEN, HE COULD HAVE SET HIMSELF ON FIRE WITH THIS CIGARETTE! I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT FINDING IT BEFORE CAUSE, IT SEEMED SILLY TO THINK A CIGARETTE COULD BURN A MAN TO DEATH!
YOU'RE RIGHT-- HE WAS LIGHTING THIS WHEN THE POISON TOOK EFFECT! WHEN HE BEGAN TO BURN, HE THREW IT AWAY!
NOT THAT IT GETS US ANY FARTHER ALONG ON FINDING WHO DID IT-- OR WHY!
MEANTIME, JANICE HOBBS HAS BRAVELY RETURNED TO THE OFFICE... AND...
...AHH! MY NEXT VICTIM! SHE WILL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL CORPSE!
PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY

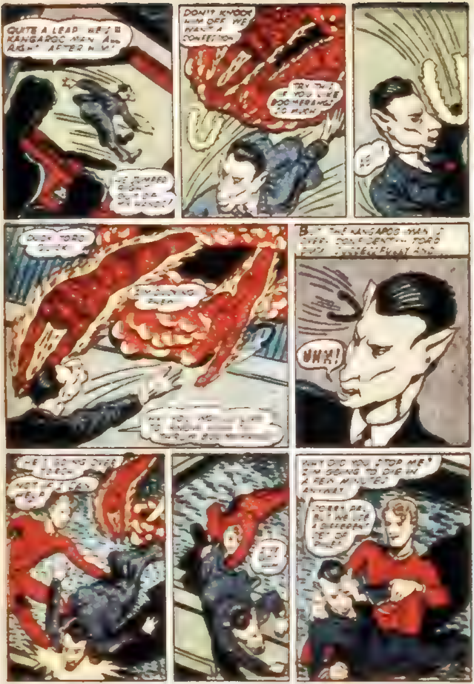
BUT, DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS--
CERTAINLY ISN'T MUCH TO GO ON, IS THERE?
NO--HELLO! OH, MISS HOBBS--YOU WHAT?
DO YOU HAVE MR. JORDAN'S KEYS DOWN THERE? I'M LOCKED INTO HIS OFFICE! THE WIND BLEW THE DOOR SHUT AND THE LOCK SNAPPED!
I'LL SEND SOMEONE RIGHT UP, MISS!
MISS HOBBS IS LOCKED IN UP THERE--SEND SOMEONE, TORCH--
OH, I'LL GO MYSELF!
HERE ARE JORDAN'S KEYS!
THANKS, KID!
WELL, LOOKS AS IF CUPID'S WORKING OVERTIME THIS TRIP..
SHH! HELLO?--MISS HOBBS--
SOMETHING WRONG?
SOUNDS THAT WAY! I HEARD HER SCREAM--NOW THE PHONE'S DEAD!
IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED--I'LL CALL YOU BACK!
WANT ME TO COME ALONG, TORCH?
I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THAT BLASTED FLAME!


I ONLY HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER--WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THANK GOODNESS, SHE'S ONLY FAINTED! HMM--SHE'S ALONE AND THE OUTER DOOR IS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE! THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE GHOST-WORK!
TORCH FLAMES OFF AND BRINGS HER TO...
ARE-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES-BUT THAT HORRIBLE FACE--AND THAT THING-OHH!
WHAT FACE?--AND WHAT THING? CAN YOU REMEMBER?
YES--SOMEONE--SOMETHING AT THAT WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET! AND THEN THAT WHIRRING THING FLASHED RIGHT AT ME! SEE? IT CUT THE PHONE WIRE!
WHAT WAS IT? A BIRD, OR...
NO--LOOK OUT! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
TORCH QUICKLY FLAMES AND...
THIS FIREBALL SHOULD STOP IT! DUCK!
THAT FACE! I SAW IT AGAIN!
NOW--LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
WH--WHAT IS IT?

WELL! A STEEL BOOMERANG -- WITH A RAZOR SHARP EDGE! QUITE A WEAPON!
OH, TORCH! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
NOW TO FIND OUT ABOUT THAT FACE YOU SAW -- DON'T TOUCH THE BOOMERANG -- MAY BE POISONED!
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU!
TORCH ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE TORCH FLAME ACROSS THE FIELDS --
HEY, TORCH -- I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED SOME HELP!
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FACE SANICE SAW AT THIS WINDOW! GO ON -- FIND -- FLAME!
OH!
HURRY UP, TORCH! YOU TAKE THE LEFT ROOM, I'LL GO THROUGH TO THE RIGHT!
I'LL BREAK MY BACK WARMING OFF LIKE THIS SOME DAY!
HEY -- C'MON -- I THINK WE'VE GOT A LEAD THIS TIME!
I WOULDN'T ADVISE TURNING ON YOUR FLAME -- EITHER OF YOU!
GET THE KNIFE FROM HIM!
WHAT TH--!
THE TWO SPLIT AND TRACK -- THEN --
IT'S THE KID!
HELP! TORCH! IT'S GOT ME!

BETTER HOLD
TORO!
VERY WISE
THAT BOOMERANG
FOR
FOOL!

HOLD TIGHT!



DON'T KNOCK
UHX!
WHY DID YOU STOP ME? I'M GOING TO DIE IN A FEW MINUTES ANYWAY

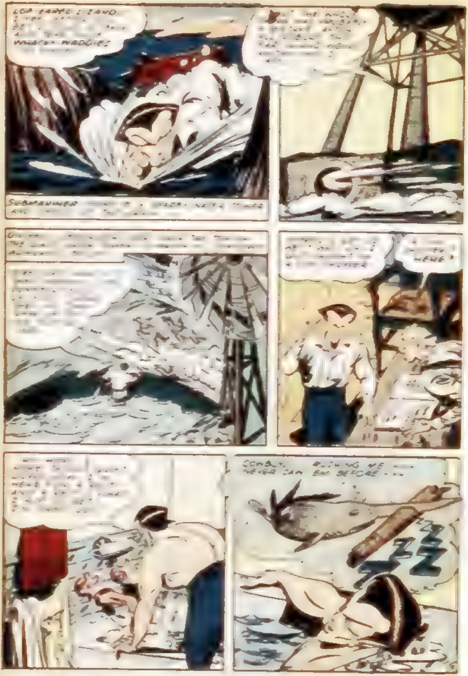
HERE'S HIS CASE TORCH
THERE IS NO ANTI-DOTE --- I'M THROUGH
THE DYING MAN TELLS HIS STORY— "FIVE YEARS AGO, IN AUSTRALIA, I DISCOVERED HOW BLOOD COULD BE CONVERTED INTO FUEL!"
BLOOD
BLOOD
I'LL BE FAMOUS! JOCK SAYS I'M A FAILURE — WAIT TILL HE HEARS OF THIS!
JOCK JORDAN
WHAT HAPPENED
"JOCK WAS SHOCKED AT THE NATURE OF MY DISCOVERY AND THREW ME OUT."
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, JOCK... I PROMISE YOU
WE PARTED BITTER ENEMIES. THEN THE WAR CAME AND THE JAPS WERE A READY MARKET FOR ME... BUT I MADE ONE MISTAKE"
WHAT WAS THAT?
"I HAPPENED TO MENTION THAT JOCK KNEW OF MY EXPERIMENTS"
BLOOD

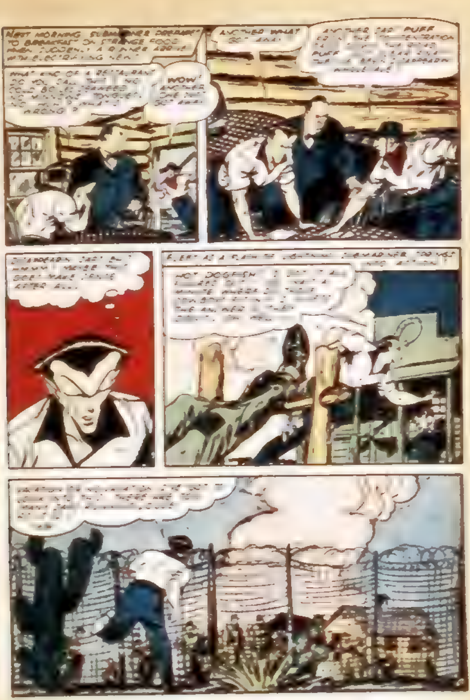
HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?
LATER AT THE POLICE STATION
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT

SUB-MARINER
UNVEILING
EVIL
EYES
OF
DEATH!

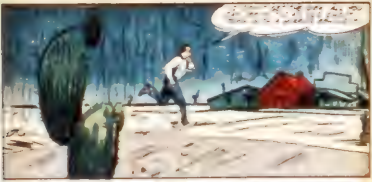
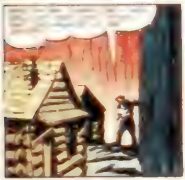
SUFFERIN SEA BASS..
A ROOM
A SINGLE

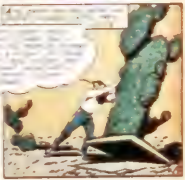
SUDDENLY...
HEY!
BEEN OUT OF WATER TOO LONG!
FAST!


SUBMARINER
HERE



ANOTHER WHAT
WOW!

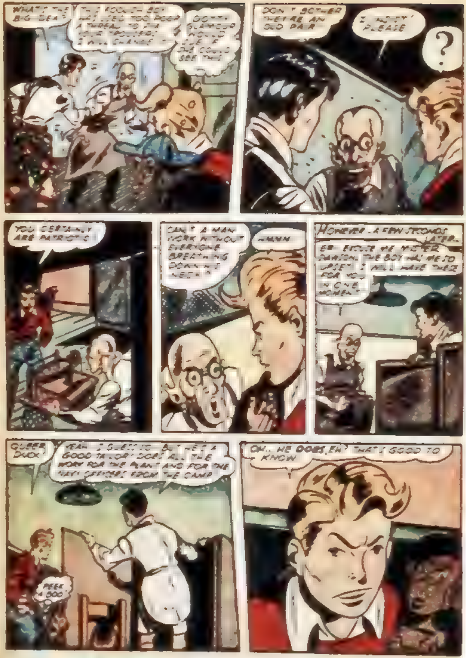


DO SOMETHING SUBMARINER!
A JAPANESE SUBMARINE

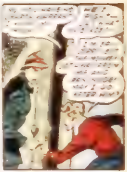
AS THE ESCAPED PRISONERS AND THEIR HORRIBLE MASTER COME ABOARD, A DARING SCHEME TAKES SHAPE IN SUBMARINER'S DAZED YET AGILE MIND!
STRENGTH IS WHAT I NEED AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT
WATER! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE --- WATER!
THANKS, RAT THAT WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED
HUH--?
HOLLERIN' HADDOCK, I FEEL TERRIFIC
CAPTURE OR KILL HIM --- OR I'LL FLAY YOUR CORPSE!!

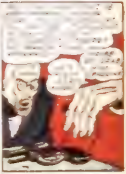
NO NO! NOT THAT!
BOOM!
SUBMARINER
MARVEL!

Terry Vance
THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF THE "ALIBIING TAPERS!"


WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
DON'T BOTHER THEY'RE AN ODD PAIR
PLEASE
?
YOU CERTAINLY ARE PATRIOTIC!
CAN'T A MAN WORK WITHOUT EVERYONE BREATHING DOWN HIS NECK?
HMMM
HOWEVER, A FEW SECONDS LATER--
QUEER DUCK
YEAH, I GUESS SO. BUT HE'S A GOOD TAILOR! DOES ALL THE WORK FOR THE PLANT AND FOR THE NAVY OFFICERS FROM THE CAMP
PEEK A BOO
OH.. HE DOES, EH? THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW

SOON THE TROUSERS ARE FINISHED
THANKS— HERE!
THANK YOU, MR DAWSON! CALL AGAIN!
TAILOR
THAT EVENING — AT TERRY'S
RIGHT ON TIME TERRY. WHAT'S THE PLAY?
?





YARN BUTTON
MARVEL!

THE *Last* LAUGH

"TAKE it easy," Nick advised, his voice [illegible] through the grind of machinery in the big factory. "You're like a lot of other people. Figure they're going to win the war all by themselves."

Bud laid aside the round cylinder he'd been polishing. He answered, "You're like a lot of other people who don't care. You're lazy or figure the other guy's going to finish it. Maybe you're yellow."

Nick stepped away, his slender body twisting [illegible] about him. Dark eyes careful and sharp. Bud picked up another [illegible] cylinder as the [illegible] applied the edge to the whirling stone. Nick said, "Okay, Bud. I suppose you figure all this stuff in the paper and propaganda about how we're winning and all that. Look at this!"

Bud glanced aside. The picture Nick shielded with his body wasn't a nice one. There was a soldier in it and he was being tortured. No, it wasn't pleasant to see, think about. Nick shuffled it aside and another into view. Bud felt goose flesh on his arms, felt his breath burning his throat. He'd never seen anything like that.

"Bunk!" Bud snapped, forgetting the buffer whirling before him. "Where'd you get that rot?"

Nick smiled. "This is the sort of stuff the papers don't print. This is what really happens. I could show you plenty ... and prove it."

With that, Nick slid away. Bud turned to the buffer finding it hard to concentrate on his work. This was the sort of thing everyone was afraid of. The sort of thing people knew might be happening but didn't want to believe.

Perhaps this was why there was trouble in the big factory [illegible]. It had been gathering behind them like a cloud forecasting a storm. Other workers were talking among themselves. There was unrest; production had dropped.

Ted Pierce showed up and Bud noted the uneasy expression in his eyes. "How you doing, Bud?" Ted asked. "Keeping the stuff rolling?"

Bud nodded. "Sure. Why not?"

Ted hesitated, asked, "You been hearing stories around the factory? Something's wrong. Everyone's got the willies. There's talk about pictures of American soldiers being tortured [illegible]. We can't have that sort of thing. We can't let anything pull us away from our work."

Right after lunch Bud stumbled upon Nick [illegible]. [illegible] Bud who [illegible] Nick talking.

"Keep it up. [illegible] plenty of the same stuff but [illegible] anything [illegible] in the [illegible]."

AGAIN Nick showed up, resting his lean [illegible] against the bench to watch Bud's polishing. Bud said [illegible], "I hear you've got quite a place outside town. The old Maxwell home. Guess you figured it would be better to buy something like that and do it over than put up a new one."

Nick admitted, "I couldn't build because of the war."

"Rebuilding will cost plenty."

Nick glanced around, dark eyes taking in the floor stretched out before them, rows upon rows of heads showing bowed over the machines. The air was full of dancing particles of dust like flakes of [illegible]. "I got a good [illegible]," Nick admitted. "But I'm making good dough."

Nick was making good dough. That was [illegible]. He [illegible] more to rebuild the old Maxwell place than Nick was making at his job here, which seemed to indicate that perhaps he was making something other ways.

No doubt he was a trouble maker but so far there was no way of proving it. Bud [illegible] the [illegible] talking to Nick, remembering Nick's words about [illegible] of the same stuff. Had Nick been [illegible] them to tell the people the war was [illegible], that they were already licked? It seemed so, but without proof.

When a forest fire [illegible], you started a backfire designed to sweep on and stop the flames moving toward you. Bud started a verbal backfire the next day [illegible].

"Nick's talking through his hat," Bud told a group at the ten o'clock rest period. "He's a trouble maker. He doesn't care one way or the other. All he's trying to do is—"

"You're an optimist," a young woman accused. "My boy friend has been in a year now."

Bud replied, "I'll be in before long. There are going to be lives lost, but according to Nick there's no use trying to do anything. We've got to back up the guys doing the fighting."

It was hard to make it sound real [illegible] Bud kept at it [illegible] he was right. He [illegible] his times well, taking care to avoid Nick and the other two. In a few days Bud realized [illegible] was going to work.

"That stuff Nick's been telling," Bud pointed out, "is too far [illegible] to make sense. He doesn't care."

IT WAS on the way home after work that the car drew up [illegible] opened beside Bud. A voice called, "Nick wants to see you. Get in."

It was an order [illegible] Bud got in, saw that there was no [illegible] them. Nick must have tumbled.

The man at the wheel said, "Just relax. We'll be right there. And no funny stuff."

The car turned into the driveway of the [illegible] Maxwell home and stopped at the side door. Bud knew he was trapped. [illegible] he had to be [illegible] he was up against dangerous men [illegible] fifth columnists. Nick was [illegible] and [illegible] and evidently determined to carry out whatever plans he might have.

Nick was sitting in a deep chair before the fireplace. The windows were carefully blacked out. The third member of his little ring, lounging on a sofa, swung his feet to the floor as Bud and his companion entered.

There was no grin on Nick's face tonight. [illegible] dangerous. "Have a chair, Bud. You're a fine [illegible]. I'm going to [illegible] you a [illegible]. Guess you [illegible] extra dough."

"Not [illegible]." The words came out of Bud's lips [illegible]. He knew now that Nick was a [illegible] was trying to undermine the morale of the workers at the factory. How many others like Nick were there scattered around the country, in towns and cities, shipyards and manufacturing centers.

Nick said, "What's wrong with my brand of dough?"

"It's crooked." And that gave it away. Bud approached. The man on the couch started forward. Bud started, "You've tried to throw the factory out of [illegible] to make people believe it's no use. Telling them stories, [illegible] showing them fake pictures—" He hesitated.

Nick murmured, "I still say you're a smart lad. Too smart. Slim and Joe here will take you back. See [illegible] he gets home, boys."

The car started with a [illegible]. Bud crouched on the front seat, listening to the grind of wheels in the gravel. There was trouble in the making. He could feel it. The car turned away from town . . .

"You're going the wrong way!"

Slim laughed. "Depends on how you mean it, kid. It's the right way for us. But the wrong one for you."

The car gathered speed [illegible] and Bud knew it was going to happen. He was going for a ride. One way.

The car was [illegible] a bend. Bud knew Joe was [illegible], was sitting on the edge of the seat [illegible] a gun. But at least if a guy had to die he'd die fighting.

Bud lunged for the wheel, [illegible] around. The car [illegible] in the dust, shot over the edge of the bank, [illegible] a tree. Metal screeched and twisted. Behind Bud a gun went off with a [illegible]. Then the car was [illegible] over, crashing down into the gully.

BUD CLIMBED out. He knew without a [illegible] that Slim was finished. Joe would be able to [illegible] later.

Bud tested arms and legs gingerly, then dug out a couple of [illegible] of wire and bound Joe [illegible], [illegible] his ankles up and wiring them to his hands behind his back.

It wasn't far back to the house. Bud gripped the gun [illegible] as he crawled through a window, [illegible] leading into the room where Nick waited. [illegible] there [illegible] step- [illegible].

[illegible] Nick [illegible] right [illegible] the gun [illegible]. Bud [illegible] Start [illegible] get a [illegible] hands.

Nick [illegible] "You [illegible] You're [illegible]."

[illegible] Bud [illegible] "You're [illegible] anything at you [illegible]—"

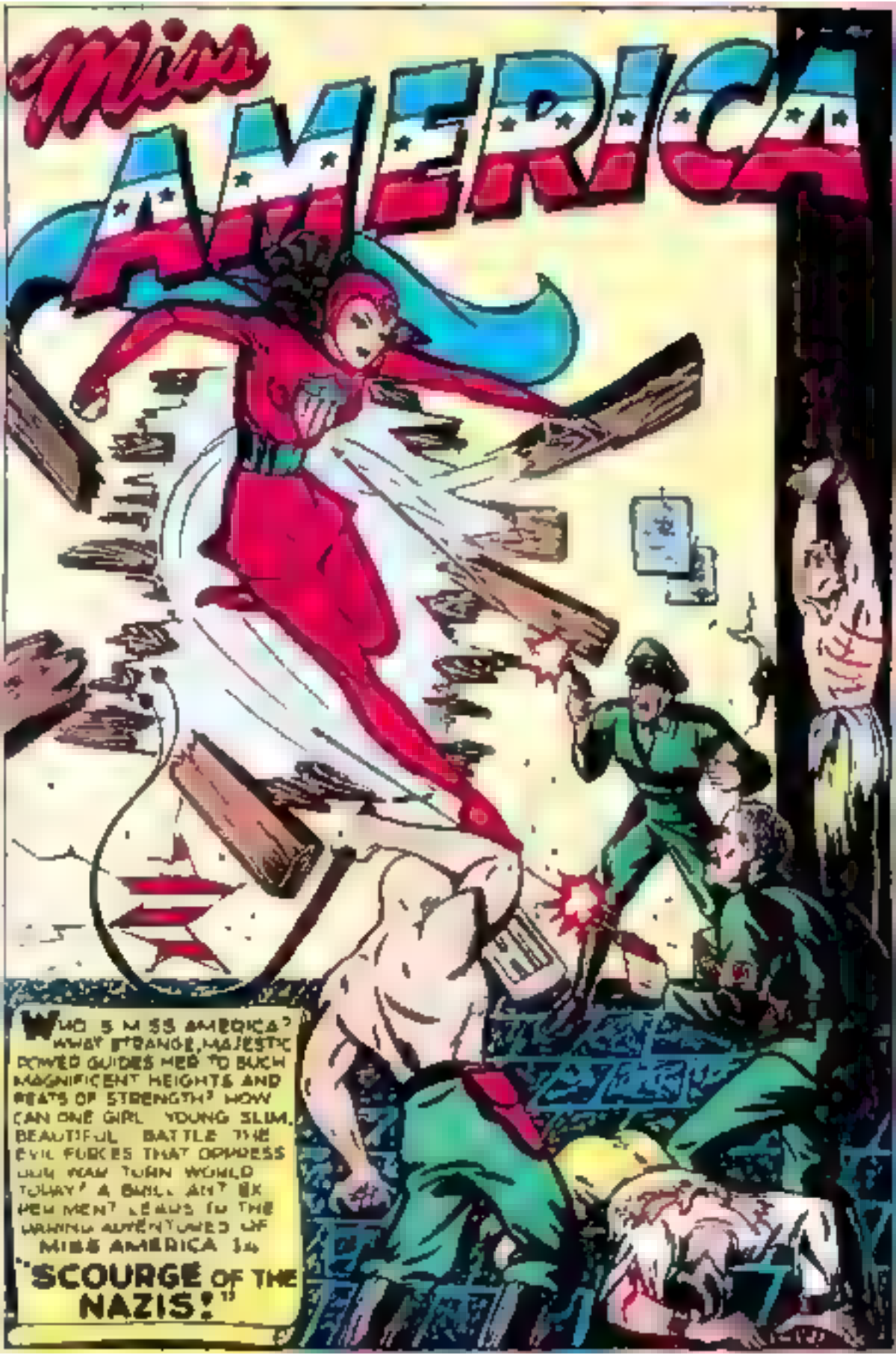
Nick [illegible] gun. It was [illegible] would [illegible].

Bud [illegible] the trigger. The gun [illegible].

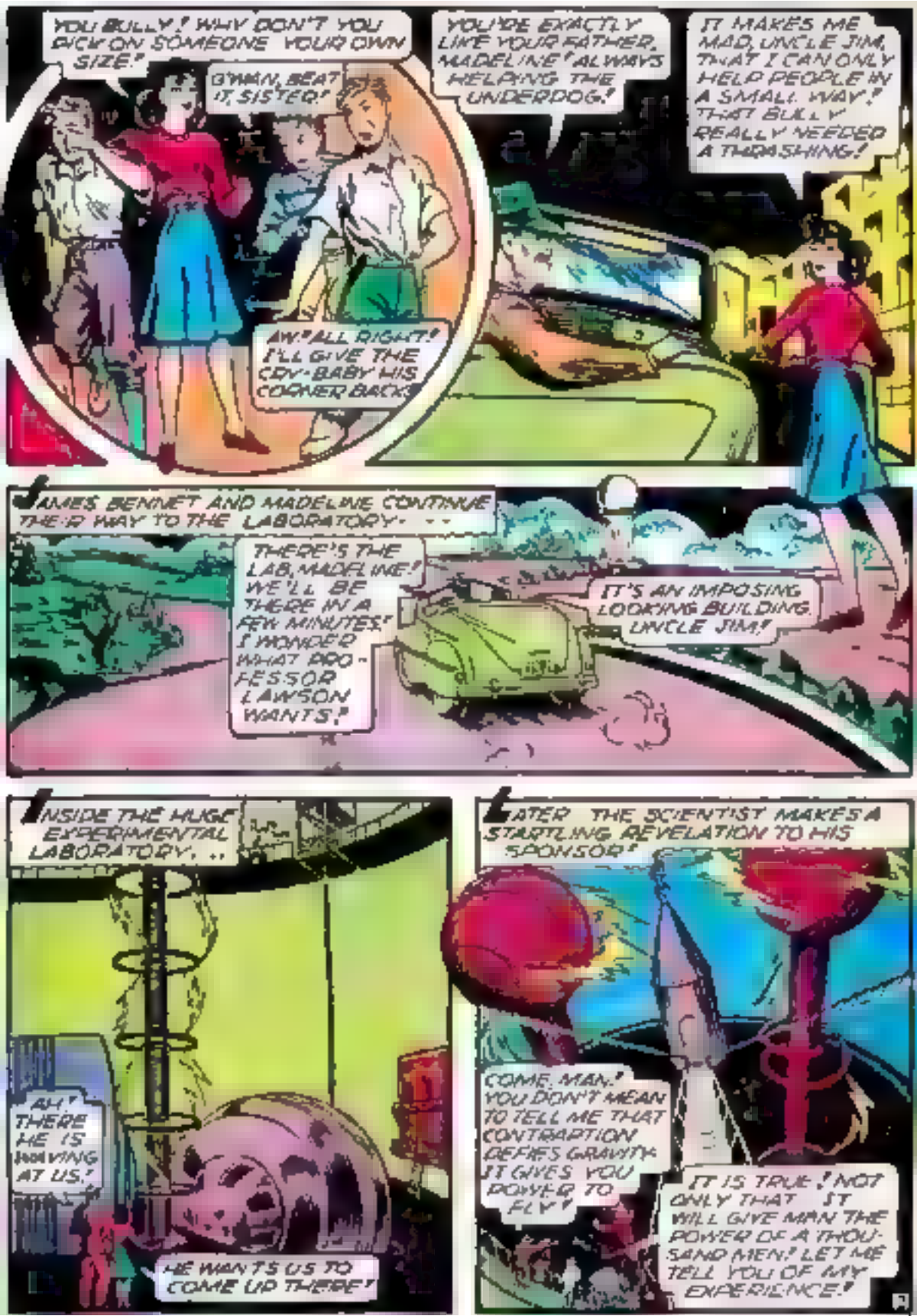
Nick grabbed his arm, staggered into a chair, head hanging.

"Catch your breath," Bud said. "Get ready to take a [illegible] to the police. They'll be glad to meet you. What a laugh it'll give them to know you think Americans are boneheads." Bud pulled another length of wire out of his pocket. He asked softly, "Or do you still think so?"

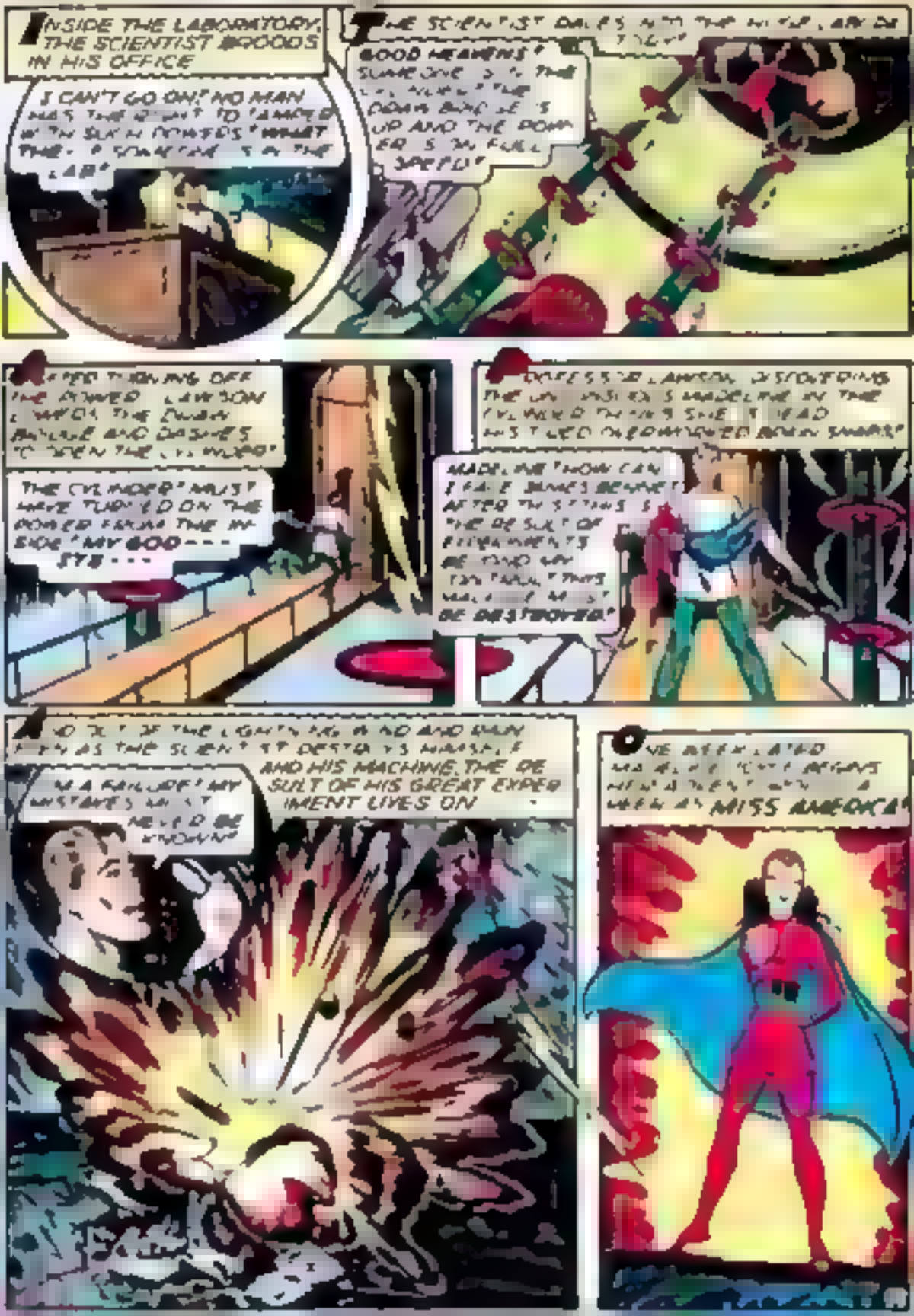
THE END


Miss AMERICA
WHO IS MISS AMERICA? WHAT STRANGE, MAJESTIC POWER GUIDES HER TO SUCH MAGNIFICENT HEIGHTS AND FEATS OF STRENGTH? HOW CAN ONE GIRL, YOUNG, SLIM, BEAUTIFUL, BATTLE THE EVIL FORCES THAT OPPRESS OUR WAR TORN WORLD TODAY? A SMILE AN? EX PERIMENT LEADS TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MISS AMERICA IN
"SCOURGE OF THE NAZIS!"

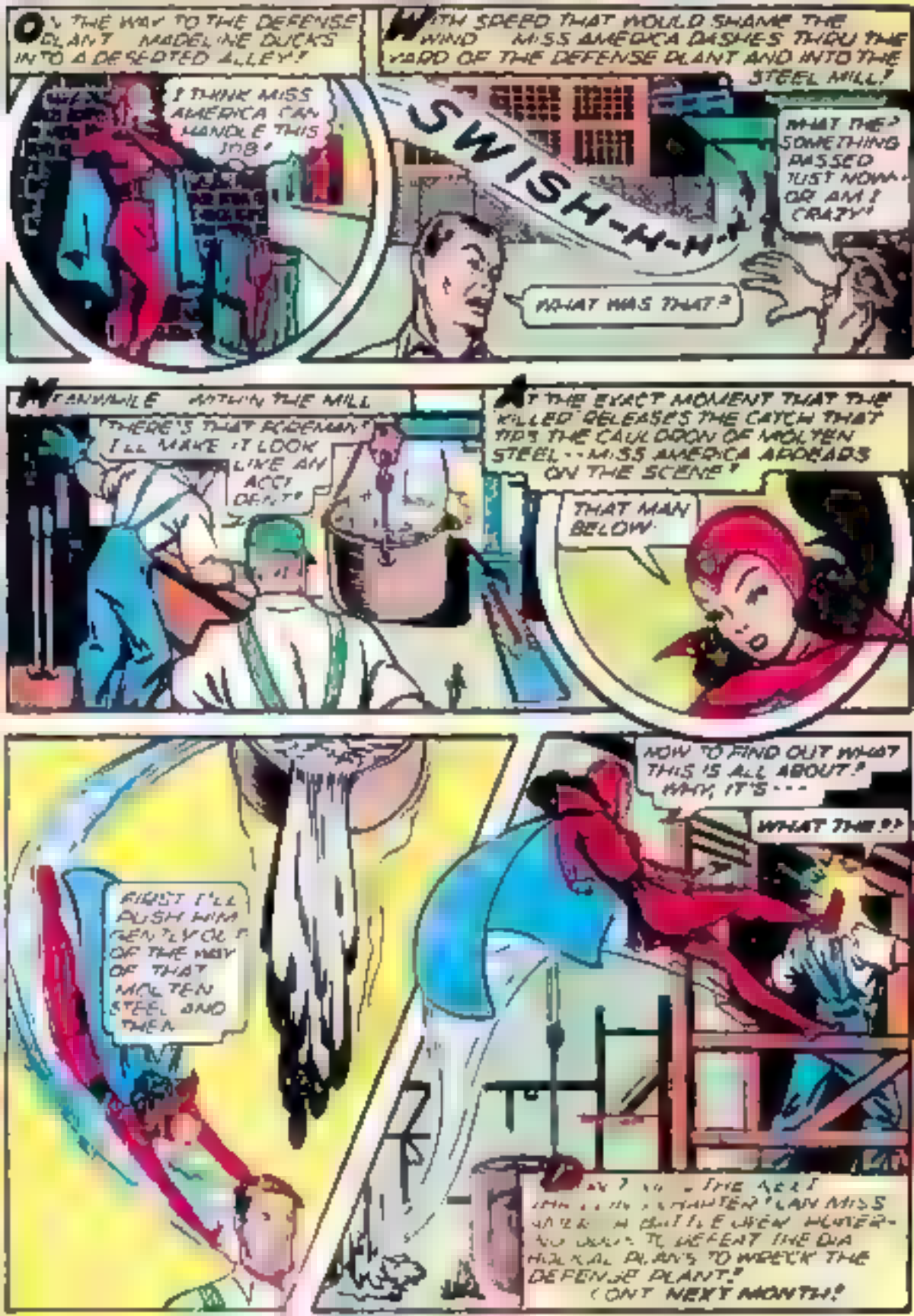
INTRODUCING MADELINE JOYCE, TEEN-AGE WIN SOME WADD OF JAMES BENNET THE RADIO TYCOON. MADELINE'S SUNNY DISPOSITION AND HABIT OF CHAMPOONING THE CAUSE OF THE LITTLE FELLOW ARE INHERITED FROM HER FATHER, JAMES BENNET'S WORLD TRAVELING BROTHER.
MADELINE AND HER GUARDIAN, JAMES BENNET ARE LEAVING THEIR PALATIAL LONG ISLAND HOME TO VISIT THE ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION SPONSORED BY BENNET TO DEVISE A METHOD OF LESSENING MAN'S BURDENS BY HARNESSING NATURE'S ELECTRICAL ENERGIES.
ISN'T THAT JAMES BENNET AND MISS MADELINE?
YES. MISS MADELINE IS THE SWEETEST, KINDEST, BEST SON I KNOW. ALWAYS DOING A FOR SOMEONE.
BYE BYE, MIKE.
I WONDER WHY PROFESSOR LAWSON WAS SO EXCITED ON THE TELEPHONE? I HOPE NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE EXPERIMENT. IT WILL BE SUCH A HELP TO HUMANITY.
MY FATHER WOULD HAVE FELT THE SAME WAY YOU DO, UNCLE JIM. I WISH I COULD DO MORE.
IF I ONLY WERE A MAN. I COULD DO SO MUCH IF I HAD A MAN'S STRENGTH. THE WORLD NEEDS SOMEONE
AT THE VICE DRIVING THRU TOWN, MADELINE SUDDENLY ASKS HER GUARDIAN TO STOP THE CAR.
I'LL TEACH YA TO SELL YOUR OLD PAPERS IN DIS CORNER.
STOP THE CAR, UNCLE JIM. LOOK AT THAT BOY HURTING A CRIPPLE. DON'T HIT HIM.
2


YOU BULLY! WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!
G'WAN, BEAT IT, SISTER!
AW! ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE THE CRY-BABY HIS COMMER BACK!
YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE YOUR FATHER, MADELINE! ALWAYS HELPING THE UNDERDOG!
IT MAKES ME MAD, UNCLE JIM, THAT I CAN ONLY HELP PEOPLE IN A SMALL WAY! THAT BULLY REALLY NEEDED A THRASHING!
JAMES BENNET AND MADELINE CONTINUE THEIR WAY TO THE LABORATORY...
THERE'S THE LAB, MADELINE! WE'LL BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES! I WONDER WHAT PROFESSOR LAWSON WANTS!
IT'S AN IMPOSING LOOKING BUILDING, UNCLE JIM!
INSIDE THE HUGE EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY...
AH! THERE HE IS MOVING AT US!
HE WANTS US TO COME UP THERE!
LATER THE SCIENTIST MAKES A STARTLING REVELATION TO HIS SPONSOR!
COME, MAN! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT CONTRAPTION DEFIES GRAVITY! IT GIVES YOU POWER TO FLY!
IT IS TRUE! NOT ONLY THAT IT WILL GIVE MAN THE POWER OF A THOUSAND MEN! LET ME TELL YOU OF MY EXPERIENCE!

IT HAPPENED DURING AN ELECTRICAL STORM ONE NIGHT I CAME UP HERE AND STARTED TO WORK! I TURNED ON THE POWER AND WAS WORKING INSIDE THE CYLINDER WHEN A FORCE SMOTE ME - I FELT THAT MY HEART WOULD BURST AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS --- WHEN I REGAINED MY SENSES, I REALIZED THAT MY BRAIN HAD ACQUIRED REMARKABLE PERCEPTION!
AND MY EYES COULD PIERCE SOLIDS! ALARMED, I BACKED OFF THE CAT WALK AND FLOATED IN THE AIR! I TRIED TO REACH THE FLOOR--AND I DID AT WILL!
I THINK YOU NEED A VACATION! OVERWORK!
BENNET, ALARMED AT THE INTEREST DISPLAYED BY HIS WARD, TURNS TO GO!
I TOUCHED THE DOOR AND I FELL APART! IT WAS HORRIBLE-HORRIBLE!
HA! HA! BETTER NOT EAT AT NIGHT! WHAT A DREAM! SAY WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE! SOUNDS LIKE A STORM COMING UP!
THAT NIGHT, THE PROBLEM WORKED AND REVOLTED IN MADELINE'S MIND!
IT HAPPENED DURING A STORM-- I COULD FLY- WHAT STRENGTH - MENTAL PERCEPTION!
I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO THE LABORATORY!
AND BORN OUT OF THE DESIRE TO HELP THE POOR AND OPPRESSED COMES AN UNSEEN HAND TO GUIDE MADELINE TO THE WEIRD LABORATORY!


INSIDE THE LABORATORY, THE SCIENTIST BOOOOS IN HIS OFFICE
I CAN'T GO ON! NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TAMPER WITH SUCH POWERS! WHAT THE-? SOMEONE'S IN THE LAB!
THE SCIENTIST RUSHES INTO THE LAB!
GOOD HEAVENS! SOMEONE'S IN THE LABORATORY! THE DOOR BEHIND HE'S UP AND THE POWER IS IN FULL SWING!
AS HE TURNS OFF THE POWER LAWSON LUNGES AT THE DOOR BEHIND AND DASHES TO SEEK THE CYLINDER!
THE CYLINDER! MUST HAVE TURNED ON THE POWER FROM THE INSIDE! MY GOOD--- SYS---
DESPERATE LAWSON DISCOVERS THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE CYLINDER THING SHE'S HEAD HAS LED ON DOWNWARD BOUNDARY!
MADE THE "HOW CAN I FAIL" BUMES BEHIND AFTER THE SITTING'S "THE RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS BE FOUND OUT TOO LATE" THAT MACHINE MUST BE DESTROYED!
AS IT IS THE LIGHTNING WAND AND RUIN HAVE AS THE SCIENTIST DESTROYS HIMSELF AND HIS MACHINE. THE RESULT OF HIS GREAT EXPERIMENT LIVES ON
MY FAILURE! MY MISTAKE MUST NEVER BE KNOWN!
WE HAVE LATER MADE THE "CYLINDER" INTO A WOMAN AS "MISS AMERICA"

MADELINE JOYCE, HAPPY IN THE SECRET OF HER NEW FOUND POWERS, LEAVES HER HOME TO DRIVE TO TOWN---
AND SUDDENLY . . AS SHE DRIVES INTO TOWN---
MY GOODNESS! THAT OLD MAN WILL BE HIT BY THAT TRUCK! HE'LL BE KILLED!
SSCREEEECH!
WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR HER OWN SAFETY, MADELINE SWERVES HER CAR DANGEROUSLY TO SAVE THE DAZED OLD MAN!
MADELINE LEADS THE OLD MAN, WHO IS SHAKEN BUT UNHURT, TO A STEP TO REST!
THAT'S FUNNY! THAT TRUCK DIDN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN!
THANK YOU, MISS! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE TRUCK!
SECONDS LATER . . THE MAN'S WIFE RUSHES INTO THE SCENE --
I WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WHEN YOU SAVED HIM! OUR SON WAS HURT AT THE DEFENSE PLANT HE'S NOT BEEN THE SAME! HE KEEPS MUM BUT OF QUEER DOINGS AT THE PLANT!
HMM- DEFENSE PLANT? THIS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO!


ON THE WAY TO THE DEFENSE PLANT MADELINE DUCKS INTO A DESERTED ALLEY!
WITH SPEED THAT WOULD SHAME THE WIND MISS AMERICA DASHES THRU THE DOOR OF THE DEFENSE PLANT AND INTO THE STEEL MILL!
I THINK MISS AMERICA CAN HANDLE THIS JOB!
SWISH-H-H-H
WHAT THE? SOMETHING PASSED JUST NOW.. OR AM I CRAZY!
WHAT WAS THAT?
MEANWHILE WITHIN THE MILL
THERE'S THAT RIDEMAN! I'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
AT THE EXACT MOMENT THAT THE KILLER RELEASES THE CATCH THAT TIPS THE CAULDRON OF MOLTEN STEEL -- MISS AMERICA APPEARS ON THE SCENE!
THAT MAN BELOW
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! HMM, IT'S ...
WHAT THE?!
FIRST I'LL PUSH HIM GENTLY OFF THE WAY OF THAT MOLTEN STEEL AND THEN
THE NEXT ... MISS AMERICA CHAPTER! CAN MISS AMERICA OUTWIT THE CUNNING HUNTER-AND DARE TO DEFEAT THE DIABOLICAL PLANS TO WRECK THE DEFENSE PLANT!
(CONT NEXT MONTH!)

THE PATRIOT
SUDDENLY...
YIEEEEEE!!!

?
HELP! eeeeeee

CRASH!
EXTRA!
THE PATRIOT RETURNS!

The ANGEL
A LESSON in MURDER!

THE ANGEL
HA HA HA

THE ANGEL!

FREE NOW TO GET THAT PRODUCT OF DRACULA'S DREAM

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, PIG FACE!
SURE YOU DO
THE BOAR IS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPORTUNITY
THE ANGEL
ALL OVER AGAIN!
AS THE ANGEL STARTS UP, THE BOAR LETS HIM HAVE IT
OVER YOU GO TO MEET YOUR CREATOR, ANGEL!

SECONDS LATER BOTH ARE CARRIED UNDERWATER BY THE FORCE OF THE PLUNGE!
THE BOAR MAKES A PASS AT THE ANGEL AS THEY ARE SWEPT DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE FALLS...
I'D BETTER LAY YOU OUT NOW, OR WE'LL BOTH BE GONERS!
AS THE ANGEL FIGHTS THE CURRENT, A MOUNTIE ON THE TRAIL OF THE BOAR CATCHES UP!
GRAB A LINE, ANGEL! WAS THAT THE BOAR GOING OVER?
YEAH... SORRY! COULDN'T GET HIM ALIVE!
LATER...
I'D LIKE TO BET THIS STUFF IS SOME KIND OF POISON!
AND YOU'D WIN! THAT'S THE STUFF THEY USED TO POISON THE SALMON THAT THEY THREW BACK IN THE RIVER! AND THESE CONTAMINATED THE WHOLE PACK THAT WENT INTO THE CANS!
THE END

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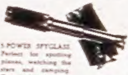

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